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A

POEM

UPON THE

CORONATION

Of His Most Sacred MAJESTY

King JAMES II.

WITH AN

Additional Poem

UPON THE

DEATH

Of our late Sovereign Lord

CHARLES II.

Of ever Blessed Memory.

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A POEM
ON THE
CORONATION
Of His Moſt Sacred MAJESTY
King James II. &c.

NOw! are our Joys fulfill'd, our Pleaſures Crown'd,
Ore all the World, *Fame* does her Trumpet ſound.
Inſpir'd Muſe, vaſt Trophies raiſe to *Jove*,
And there proclaim an *Univerſal Love*.
There in Seraphick Strain (my Angel) ſing,
And with thy tuneful Lyre Charm e'ry thing.
Make Groves and Mountains, in due meaſure move,
And mollifie hard Rocks and Stones with Love.
Dart from thy Throne, thy Rays of Eloquence,
And make each God admire thy Influence.
'Tis thou canſt ſpeak of greater things than they;
What e're they ſpoke, thou more of it canſt ſay.
Beſides, their Power thou boldly dar'ſt diſown,
Whilſt thou aſſum'ſt a greater of thy own.
Thou, in three minutes, ſix days wonders, wrought
Thy Senſe their Nothing to perfection brought.
Out of an undigeſted Lump, thou didſt refine
The groſſer Atomes, that did frame Mankind.
At thy command all things do new appear,
Equal and gay, in manner of a Sphere.
The unknown paths of Fame, thou make'ſt thy way,
Where thou Foundations of new Worlds doſt lay.

Thou mak'ſt the Abyſs of thoughts a Second Cauſe,
And Matter Forms, by thy Diviner Laws.
'Tis thou (alone) canſt with thy Heavenly Fire,
The Soul of Verſe, our humane thoughts inſpire.
'Tis (only) thou art fit to breath the Praiſe
Of Mighty *JAMES*, (who does thy Fancy raiſe.)
He (thy *Apollo*) inſpires thee with ſence,
And fills thy World with his Worlds influence.
Come is the day, the great *Coronation* Day!
Which (alſo) thee Crowns with eternal Bay.
Till Heaven melts the fleeting plumes of Time,
So deathleſs is his Glory as thy Rhime.
Great JAMES, like *Sol*, with his *Aurora* roſe,
And thro' her bluſhes did the day diſcloſe:
Painting his Glory, gilding e'ry thing,
Begets the ſweet fruition of the Spring.
A ſpring of Joy, came darting from each ſmile,
And charming Nature lay diſſolv'd the while.
The Gods themſelves, their Power did beſtow,
That they more perfect might appear below.
With Reverence, and Ceremonies great,
They do allow, we them ſhou'd imitate;
And by Divine Aſſiſtance, do put on
Two Glorious Crowns, which do adorn one Throne;
But more their Glories do their Crowns adorn.
The Choiriſts Anthems moſt Divinely Sing:
(Even ſo the Birds do welcome in the Spring)
Muſick their thoughts to Heaven does aſpire,
(Joyning in Conſort to the Heavenly Quire.)
The bright Attendants did themſelves admire:
Each found his thoughts, a Paradice entire.
The Guards, like thoſe of Heaven, ſmiling ſtood,
Whilſt Joy proclaim'd them, more than fleſh and blood.
Angels did Guard thoſe that did Guard the place,
Gracing each motion which the place did grace.
Hark! how the Bells in joyful conſort ſound,
The Loyal Motto, writ on them around.
The rocky Steeples to their Muſick move,
And ev'ry Stone yeilds in the act of Love.

The

The thund'ring *Cannons* eccho from the ſhore,
Healing the wounds which they had made before.
They ſimpathize with ev'ry joyful ſound,
Proclaiming Love (which does more ſtrangely wound.)
The Drums and Trumpets eccho through the Air,
And to the Heavenly Spheres their conſort bear.
The Wind in gentle whiſpers, tells his Tale,
Curling the Ocean with each wanton Gale.
Thames gentle ſtreams ſwell into waves of pride,
And does forget through joy, her uſual Tide.
Healths Crown'd with *Huzzahs*, heals each factious Wound,
And makes the drunken *World* reel faſter round.
The Tide of *Nature* faſter ebbs and flows,
And ev'ry fragrant Birth her glory ſhews.
Whilſt from the ancient *Chair*, the bleſt abode,
Where Crown'd has been many an earthly God,
Creat *JAMES* and *MARY* in glory did retire,
(The Gods as well as Mortals did admire;
Crouding, look'd down, and wondred for to ſee
The illuſtrious Pomp and glorious Jubilee.)
As Heaven unto us will new appear,
So our *Coronation* unto them did there.
Their pleaſant ſmiles they freely did beſtow,
And made each Gemm with greater luſtre ſhow;
As pleas'd to ſee the manner all Divine,
And their *Vicegerents* in their glories ſhine.
Next raiſe (my Muſe) a high and mighty Throne,
Such as great *Jove* himſelf does ſit upon:
And if a *Jove* on Earth he will allow,
Set on great *James*, and let him Thunder too.
Dovvn from his Heaven let Lightening round be hurl'd,
And Blaſt the ſpreading Factions of the World;
Until He Calms the raging Univerſe,
And Heals the Ulcers vvhich abroad diſperſe.
Let the Seditious Torments of the mind,
Free from one ſpark of Glory be confin'd.
In Darkneſs let them infamouſly dvvell,
And ev'ry Crime combine to make a Hell;
Where may each *Furie's* Conſcience ovvn his Sin,
And be ſufficient Hell to Damn him in.

On the Death of His late Majeſty.

I.

GReat Conſternation like a *Tempeſt* roſe,
Whileſt *Ceſar*'s mighty Soul,
(Too great for Nature to oppoſe)
Launch'd through the Ocean to Eternity :
Loud ſtorms of Grief, in folds did rowle,
And drowned all the Worlds Supremacy.

II.

All things lookt ſad and mourn'd at the Depart,
Till Heaven pleas'd to ſmile,
Eas'd the reluctance of each Heart,
And all around the ſolid Univerſe,
His beams of gentle influence (the while
He roſe in glory) like mercy did diſperſe.

III.

So when bright *Sol*, draws from the fruitful earth,
His wearied beams of Light ;
Which do beget each fragrant birth,
The ſable Curtains ore the Heaven's drawn ;
But ſoon he does (in flaques) diſperſe the Night,
And uſher in *Aurora* through the Dawn.

IV.

Whileſt mighty Hoſts of glorious Souls extend,
Thoughout the ſpangl'd Sphere,
All Saints his Preſence do attend ;
A High and Mighty Saint, they him proclaim,
As we great *James*, our King did here,
The Second, of that Everlaſting Name.

V.

Angels conduct him to the glorious *Throne*,
Where all things new appear.
He comprehends the *Three in One* :
A Crown of Glory's to him given,
Whileſt Mighty *James*, *Great Baittains* Crown does wear,
And Joy's proclaim'd throughout both earth and heaven.

VI.

VI.

Our *Ceſar* was too *Pious*, *Great* and *Good*,
'Mongſt Mortals to remain:
Heaven ſaw they thirſted for His Blood,
(But *Traytors* Crimes do ſtill require their own)
Juſtice the Murtherers themſelves has ſlain,
And plac'd *Great Charles* on an *Eternal Throne*.

VII.

Near to our *Great Jehovah*, he is ſet,
Adorn'd with Gemms of Light;
Fine Azure Clouds about him get,
But ſoon his luſtre thro' the Laune diſplays,
Diſperſing round the Globe of Atomes quite,
And gilds the Heaven with his refulgent Rays.

VIII.

He like *Apollo*, ſway'd, vvhileſt here on Earth,
Juſtice fulfill'd his Law,
His Influence inſpir'd his Birth;
When from the Martyr's ſacred Loyns he came,
By a Divine Intent, the World to awe,
Which now is fill'd with his immortal Fame.

IX.

The *Auſpicious Star*, which at His Birth appear'd,
Great Prodigies foretold,
That ſuch a Prince, belov'd and fear'd,
Shou'd Crovvn'd vvith Miracles, adorn a Throne,
Whoſe Fame ſhou'd Regiſter great Deeds of old,
And Chronicle far greater of his ovvn.

F I N I S.